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CORRESPONDENCE.

PINE-NOTES.

IN THE COUNTRY, 23d July, 1851.

Editors *Literary World*:

BRICKS and mortar have their uses when thrown into the gigantic and far-stretching piles that make the city. For cities draw the scattered intellects into masses, and from the contagious touch of mind and mind flash the electric sparks of ideas that, like a great motive power, keep us intellectually afloat on the ocean of thought, plying to and fro between the great continents of fact and fiction. And there, too, magazines and journals are published, and to the friends whose taste and talents conduct them, it is pleasant and profitable to communicate those things which "when found" are made "a note of."

And not the least of those profitable and agreeable uses to which cities may be put, is the negative one that they may be run away from, with all the speed of the wind and the force of steam may be left behind and exchanged for the dear, great, beautiful country. Annually we may do this and bless the great smoky, dirty, bustling, rushing city that it has called into existence the ready facilities for travel, and that it aids in affording us the charming contrast and that exquisite enjoyment with which we rush in the hot days towards the forest and the mountain stream.

Here it is, where the warbling of the birds mingle with the murmuring of the gentle stream and the rustling of the leaves lends a refrain to the trill of the rill that laughs its way down the hill side—here it is that I can turn to the great Babel and award to it its meed of grateful recollection. It is here, surely, where all things whisper peace, contentment, and repose, that the heart of the day-dreamer is softened, and his spirit attuned to that happy frame wherein it feels the good that may belong to what seems most unlike those things surrounding him.

It is a lovely spot where I now sit with portfolio on knee and with my gold pocket-pen scribbling lazily to you dear friend-in-

town these dreamy notes from the country. A majestic pine, upon whose far-stretching root I sit, rises high above my head. Other pines group around me in a grove, and the light breeze hums such a tune through their countless millions of needle-like leaves as is nowhere heard save in the pine forest. It is a hill whereon I sit that rises gently to an elevation of about 200 feet. At its foot on my left hand lies almost at my feet a lovely lakelet whose polished surface reflects the dark form of a hill that abruptly rises, covered with a dense growth of the dark and rich foliaged sugar maple. In front through the minor valley meanders a pebbly-bottomed creek, from whose bank the glades sunnily open up into the dark bosom of the dense forest. On my right front, a river receives the creek into its bosom and winds onwards through a wide valley, whose broad flats are chequered green, brown, and golden with the fields of green and ripening grain. I turn my head a little further to the right, and the glorious beauty of the gigantic valley is revealed in all its pride to my view. Far on beyond, the teeming and chequered face of the level and smoothly floor-like valley; on beyond, the glassy surface of the winding river, the hills rise and fall away in successive undulations of beauty, heightened by the lights and shadows of the many tints of green, of the grassy openings, and the wooded sides and tops.

Through the depressions between the hills I catch views of other hill or mountain tops that seem to bound some far off valley much like this, or, as my fancy will naturally paint it, larger, grander, and more terrible in its features than this. Now, the onward sweep of some distant cloud has withdrawn the veil that for a few moments had hidden one of those far off mountain tops, and it brightens with a smile that seems like the glory of another world. I feel an irresistible desire to fly and scale the boundaries of this my happy valley; onwards to fly, looking upwards at the fair blue sky, looking upwards at the fleecy clouds, glancing downwards at the pictures of hill and valley, field and forest, lake and stream, light and shade, so varied and so beautiful, onwards until I touch that distant height and kiss the smile that brightens for me and beckons me so like a glory and a joy.

A little brown bird, a tiny thing that I could hold within my closed hand, alights with a chirrup upon the root of the old pine almost within reach of my arm. Picking up an insect from the bark, it raises its head and fixes its bead-like eyes upon me with a confident expression in which I read the thought that the distant flight to that far off sunlighted smile has been taken by this little skimmer of the air while I lay bodily bound to the earth. My vanity can read its lesson, a lesson that would check the consciousness of greater strength than that little flitting thing possesses. But thought flies swiftly onwards and there comes up a something greater and more beautiful than vanity—a consciousness of an immaterial something outliving all, that, borne upon the wings of fleetest hope, reaches a lofty God-lighted

smile illumining a beautiful world afar off yet very near.

It has flown away into the grove, the little bird, unconscious of the thoughts to which it gave rise, unknowing of the good seed it had sown in the heart of a man, in an undying soul, in alighting upon the root of this old pine and fixing its little eyes so confidently on my own. And now I speculate within my own mind and ask myself—if such results, whose character may be all important and eternal, do follow upon so slight an act of a tiny bird, do not all of our slightest acts produce each one an effect whose consequences, if revealed to our view, would load us with an overwhelming sense of responsibility?

The shadows have materially changed their position, and the heat of the sun is drying up the marks of my pen. I go.

I have wandered away from the old pine, and come here upon a brooklet, rushing down the hill side covered for two or three rods of its course with a natural arbor, whose beauty and unusual effects lead me into a train of thought that I will put into verse as the inspiration of

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE ARBORED STREAMLET.

I knew a mountain streamlet

With a lively roar;

It ran below a covert,

'Neath a blooming bower.

From bank to bank the laurel

Spanned the leaping stream,

And through an arch embowering

Smiled a silvery gleam.

All o'er the arch embowering

Climbed the roses wild;

Among the leafy laurel

Blooming roses smiled.

Such joyful music issues

Gushing from the heart,

Such bloom surrounds the portals,

Fresher than of art;

Such thoughtless hastening onward,

Gleefully along,

Such perfumes interwoven

With the breath of song,—

The light within all rosy,

Perfumed all the air,

But where the outlet opens

Beaming brighter glare,—

Ere through the rosy bower,

Musically whirled,

The life of gleeful girlhood

Mingles with the world.

Homewards I will soon turn, and therefore, now draw this tracing of random reveries to a close. Homewards did I say? Rather say housewards; for is not this place, too, my home? Here, where a profound and inexpressible happiness takes possession of my being, coming to my embrace from out of these hills, and springing from out the shades of these forests, gliding forth from these groves, rising from the bosom of this lakelet and dancing upwards from the ripple of the stream; here where the maternal spirit of Nature soothes her child, here is surely home.

Au Revoir, perhaps, Adieu. Faithfully,

D. P. B.

[From *Household Words*, July 19.]

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—SMITH!

OUR age, among other curious phenomena, has produced a new religion, designated Mormonism, and a prophet, named Joe Smith. Within the last twenty-five years, the sect founded by this man has risen into a state, and swelled into the number of three hundred thousand. It exhibits fanaticism in its newest garb—homely, wild, vulgar fanaticism—singing hymns to nigger tunes, and seeing visions in the age of railways. This rise of the Mormons is, indeed, a curious and interesting feature of our age. In sectarian history nothing so strangely important has happened for a century at least.

In 1805 there was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, United States, a boy to the house of one Smith there. He was named Joseph. His parents—poor, industrious people—moved shortly afterwards to Palmyra, New York. Joseph was brought up as a farmer. Joseph, a vigorous, wild, uncultivated boy, seems to have been used to working from the beginning. His lot turned to the homely side of affairs in general. What he saw of daily life was the necessity of digging and clearing; what he heard of religious matters was through the medium of a squabbling violent fanatical sectarianism. Joe's career was the product of these two influences: his "religion" presents, accordingly, two marked phenomena;—immense practical industry, and pitiable superstitious delusion. What the Mormons do, seems to be excellent; what they say, is mostly nonsense.

At the very outset of the story, we are met by the marvellous. Joseph Smith, the ignorant rustic, sees visions, lays claim to inspiration, and pretends to communion with angels and with the Divinity Himself. He is a ploughboy, and aspires to be a prophet; he is at first what they call "wild," but repents; in his rude, coarse life, and narrow way, he really has a genuine interest in the Bible. In this disturbed variety of feelings the young Yankee grows up; he is, as you see pretty clearly, naturally shrewd—yet credulous. The neighbors are puzzled what to make of Joseph; he complains that "persecution" was his lot very early. The neighboring ministers did not listen very favorably to Joe's visions. The time for all that, they told him, was gone by; nobody had visions nowadays! But Joseph struggled on; for he felt some power in himself: felt that he was, in his way, a shining light—but, like many other shining lights, set in a desperately thick horn lantern! The fact was, Joseph, naturally gifted, was wretchedly brought up. Perhaps it would be fair to say that he hoped to be able to do some good in his time; so rushed into his career with strategic disguises to help him on. The world would not listen to plain Joe Smith junior, prophet, unaided. Joe Smith must have something to help him. In the Nineteenth century you must "rig" your spiritual market, Joe thought, as well as any other. So, to make things pleasant, he set about cooking up his own accounts of his own prophecies with a tale of the marvellous. Accordingly, in 1827, a rumor spread about among persons interested in these matters, that Joseph Smith junior had made a discovery of importance. Inspired by a vision, he had searched in a certain spot of ground, and there had discovered some records, written on "plates, apparently of gold," which contained, in Egyptian charac-

ters, an additional Bible! This was, indeed, the "Book of Mormon," from which the sect derive their name. The book professed to be a sacred and inspired narrative, reserved for the new prophet to usher into the world, and is thus described by one of the Mormon apostles:—

"The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle, in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards, being slain, the record fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation, who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year four hundred and twenty, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario county, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bore record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world."

This book is extant (in its printed English form, of course) in the British Museum, and resembles the Scriptures about as much as a paraphrase of the Pentateuch by Moses and Son's poet! It appears from all the evidence, in fact, that this book of Mormon was founded on a historical romance, written by an American author some years before Prophet Smith's time, which fell, while still in MS., into the hands of a friend of the prophet's, and which was sublimated into an "inspired" state by the prophet and a personal acquaintance. It was followed by a book of doctrines and covenants.

Not long after their publication, the success of these works was so great, that Joseph's faith in his own fabrications appears to have become wonderfully strengthened; and he began, poor fellow, to believe in himself, and to take up prophecy as a trade. He had occasional "revelations" to suit each new phase in his career. He professed also to work miracles, and to cast devils out of the bodies of brother Tomkins and brother Gibbs, whenever those worthy men were troubled with them.

The sect increased with great rapidity. It gained converts everywhere in the States. The disciples took the name of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." They held that these present days are the "latter" ones, preparatory to the Millennium. A material, eminently Jonathonian form of Christianity organized itself gradually—Joseph had apostles and disciples; once more the world saw a man believed in by his fellow-men, and reverenced as sacred.

It sounds strange to hear of a church having a "location." But a "location" was the term they applied to their place of settlement. Their first one was in Jackson County, Missouri. Here was to be the "New Jerusalem." Picture to yourself loaded wagons travelling westward; canal boats swimming low and deep down the rivers—the tall brawny prophet with dark eyes—the Church is on its way! One

likes to see a love of the beautiful in Joe. Joe looks round the landscape, and sees "the great rolling prairies like a sea of meadows." Here was Zion at last, and Joseph had a "revelation" on the subject. His revelations are the oddest compositions—scriptural phrase and sturdy business-details blended. "Verily I say unto you, let my servant Sidney Gilbert plant himself in this place and establish a store!" This is an odd weaving together of velvet and fustian: like using Raphael's "Madonna" for a public house sign.

Prophets, we all know, are persecuted in all ages. Joe was no exception. But unhappily Joseph was ludicrously persecuted. He was a martyr; but a martyr to practical jokes. The brawny man was dragged from his bed one night by a horde of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and other burning zealots. Wild cries are heard through the night air; the prophet is hauled along furiously, orthodoxy buffeting him right and left—Where is the tar-bucket?

The fatal bucket—black and calm as a pool of Erebus—is brought. Joe is ferociously anointed with pitch; the thick dark fluid sticks all over him, and causes the plumage mercilessly coated over his sacred person to adhere as tightly as if he had been really blessed with wings. A saint tarred and feathered is, indeed, a new chapter in the Book of Martyrs. The faith that could survive so tremendous a bathos was impregnable, and showed the unbounded power of the prophet over his followers. It took the whole night for the "inspired" friends of the prophet to cleanse his revered and canonised kin! Yet, scarred and bleared as he was—raw as some goose plucked alive—Joe preached the next day to his own egregious multitude.

The agitation in Jackson County, Missouri, by degrees grew furious: there were Mormon newspapers and anti-Mormon newspapers; and when the pen and the leading article had done their worst, the sword, (the States' name for which is "bowie-knife") the bludgeon, and the revolver were brought into play. Judge Lynch—who never is to be bothered with juries, and decides in a second on his own responsibility—was continually invoked; and there were perpetual scenes of bloodshed. In the end, the war waxed too hot even for the dauntless Joseph. When he found that active valor was of no avail against his enemies, he betook himself to the courage of discretion; the passive and better part of valor. He went away. In May, 1834, the entire community packed up its "notions," and effected a successful exode.

We find that after their expulsion from Missouri, they migrated to Illinois, and mustered fifteen thousand souls. Here they established a city, which they called "Nauvoo," or the "Beautiful," and by the consent of everybody, worked right well. Joe was mayor, president, prophet; spiritual and temporal head of the settlement. They now began to send out missionaries, and to build a temple of polished white limestone. It was one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, and eighty-eight in breadth, surmounted by a pyramidal tower; and was so elevated on a rising ground that it stood in the sight of the whole population. The Mormons spent a million of dollars on this edifice.

We now view Joe at the summit of his career. Joe has military rank, and reviews

his troops as Lieutenant-General. Drums beat, and flags are waved. He rides abroad a King. His work is now nearly done. The city grows around him daily; houses with gardens spring up; the hum of the mill is constantly heard. Every visitor to Nauvoo describes the prosperity of the place as marvellous. The solid element of the religion invented by Joseph Smith is, that it inculcates work; hard, useful, wealth-creating labor. The Prophet also incorporated into his creed a thorough appreciation of relaxation. That all work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack, nobody knew better than Joe. One does not like to speak with levity of a prophet; but, perhaps, the exact adjective for Joe's religion is—jolly! An air of jollity attends the faith. It is a jovial heresy; a heresy that "don't go home till morning!" Thus, after some squabbling, a small fight or two (not more intestine dissension than falls to the lot of most new communities) the two grand desiderata of this life were realized—prosperity and ease. It was soon spread abroad that one of the first things realized in this good, substantial town of Nauvoo, was plenty to eat and drink. In consequence, Joe's disciples increased by the thousand. All sorts of pleasant fellows who loved an easy life flocked thitherward.

There was, travellers say, a healthy, happy look about the place. Life rolled along there in a clear, vigorous way, like the flood of the Mississippi hard by. Joe himself is described as a "cheerful, social companion." So very social in his tastes, that there got about a rumor that he had a tendency to make "Nauvoo" into a kind of New World Oriental Paradise. One of his apostles, Sidney Rigdon, broached a doctrine concerning "spiritual wives," which excited great scandal.

We have read one or two of Joe's published letters; they show a shrewd, hard-headed fellow. He writes to one man—"facts, like diamonds, not only cut glass, but they are the most precious diamonds on earth." There is a sturdy self-assertion about him; and that self-assertion is perpetuated; for the Mormons seem to differ from other sects chiefly in believing the continued inspiration of their prophet. Their faith—with its materialism, its rude hopes, its belief in the superiority of their best teachers, its heartiness in physical labor—is indeed a piece of genuine Transatlantic life, likely to hold together long. Their belief in their "Book of Mormon" implies a rugged, ignorant belief in Holy Writ, too. To speak seriously of our prophet, Joe Smith, we should say that the sturdy, illiterate, shrewd Yankee conceived power in him to do a work; brooding over the Bible in his youth, and seeing it through the hazy eyes of his rude ignorance, such a man, with a warm heart, might fancy many strange things. Orthodoxy should consider whose fault it is that Joe Smithism could erect itself into a sect; orthodoxy should look at the three hundred thousand souls, and reflect on them. The ruling powers of the world should stoop to learn lessons of these things. Balaam learned something very important from the speaking of his poor ass. The ass saw the angel when respectable Balaam could not. In Roman history, when anything terrible was happening to the republic, we find—*bos locutus est!* Things are bad indeed when the very ox has to have his say!

We now come to the close of Joe's earthly career. The peace and prosperity of Nauvoo

were soon interrupted. The prophet's old Missourian enemies keep harassing him with litigation; and some bad sheep in his own flock gave him great trouble. "At this time he appears to have been quite as convinced of the divinity of his mission, as the most credulous of his disciples," says his latest historian. No such thing: what good he was destined to do, he had now done—and for the bad he was about to pay. There were dissenters from Joe's Church; heretics to his heterodoxy; who looked on the prophet as a humbug. These were not genuine believers; but wretched, cunning impostors, who were never "deluded," being far too bad for any such innocent exercise of faith. These committed acts of licentiousness (such as cannot be proved against Joe), and he had to excommunicate some of them. They started a newspaper, called the "Nauvoo Expositor." In this they calumniated Joseph so vilely that his supporters rose; two hundred men attacked the office of the journal armed with muskets, swords, pistols, and axes, and reduced it to ashes.

The proprietors, editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen of the journal fled to the town of Carthage, and applied for a warrant against Joseph, his brother Hiram, and sixteen others. The warrant was served on Joseph as Mayor, and he refused to acknowledge its validity. Illinois instantly made preparations for civil war. Mormons gathered from all parts, and Anti-Mormons likewise. Governor Ford took the field; Nauvoo was fortified. Everywhere resounded the note of preparation for war.

Governor Ford issued a proclamation calling on Joseph Smith and his brother to surrender, pledging his word that they should be protected. They agreed, accordingly, to stand their trial; Joe, however, observing, with a sad, calm heart, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning!" (the tranquil, life-enjoying prophet!) "I shall die innocent."

We now are to picture the brothers in prison. Their assailants prowl uneasily round the walls; there is a desperate hungry uneasiness about the mob—they are afraid Joe will escape. One can fancy their murmuring reaching the prophet's ears—the low, murderous humming, every now and then.

The evening of the 27th of June, 1844, came—it had been a warm summer day in the Western country. The brothers were standing chatting with two friends in an upstairs room of their house of detention. There was a rattle of musketry. They sprang forward against the door—a bullet went through it. They sprang backwards. Open flew the door, and an armed mob with blackened faces came in. A flash and a roar, and down went Hiram Smith, shot. Joe's revolver snapped three times, missing fire. He made a bound to the window. Two balls struck him from the door—one struck him from the window. There was one wild cry from his heart, "O Lord, my God!"—and down he fell out of the window on the ground. They propped him against a wall there, and shot at him again, as his bleeding body drooped forward from it. Four bullets were found in his body—and will, perchance, be carried to the credit side of his life-account.

After his death, the Mormons had a time of sad tribulation, a time of troubles from within and without. It is easy to see that sectarian ferocity was at the bottom of the persecution they met with. Governor Ford

issued a proclamation denying for himself any belief in their having committed certain crimes attributed to them; and some time before, the celebrated Henry Clay had expressed his "lively interest" in their progress, and his "sympathy with their sufferings." But the neighbors could not be pacified; the Mormons had to go away west, once more; and the town they had built was reduced to ashes. They crossed the Mississippi, and set out for the "Great Salt Lake Valley,"—away beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Their passage is one of the most marvelous things on record. Colonel Kane of the United States, who travelled with them, has left an extremely interesting account of it. We hear of wagons crossing the Mississippi on the ice; of weary journeys across wild prairies; long chill nights of dead cold; sickness and death; graves dotting all the line of march; seed sown here and there, with thoughtful benevolence, that after voyagers might find a crop growing for them. Then there were halts when "tabernacle camps" were pitched, and hymns were chanted. The prairies heard—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept," sung there. Their depth of faith through that dreary journey was wonderful; it seems to have warmed them like actual fire.

They established themselves in the State of Deseret, and some of their body were the first who discovered the gold of California. But it seems that the colony did not send many there; they esteem it their proper office to "raise grain, and to build cities." They claim, too, the distinction of living in better and higher relation to the Indian tribes than any settlers have yet done.

We have scattered up and down such remarks as we thought would illustrate Joe Smith's career. Let us say a word of the Mormon organization.

The Mormons are governed by elders, priests, teachers, exhorters, and deacons. An apostle is an elder, and baptizes and ordains. The priest teaches, expounds, and administers sacraments. The teacher watches over the church, and sees that there is no iniquity; he exercises, in fact, a kind of censorship. The elders meet in conference every three months; and the presiding elder or president is ordained by the direction of a high council or general conference.

By the latest accounts, the Great Salt Lake City prospers very well. It is the capital of the state of "Deseret," with boundaries of immense extent. They stretch from thirty-three degrees of northern latitude, to a point where they intersect the one hundred and eighth degree of western longitude. Thence they run to the south-west, to rejoin the northern frontier of Mexico, and follow to the west, even to its mouth, the bed of the River Gila, which separates the state of Deseret from the Mexican frontiers. The line of separation further runs along the frontier of Lower California to the Pacific Ocean. It remounts the side towards the north-west, as far as one hundred and eight degrees thirty minutes of west longitude, while it trends towards the north to the point where this line meets the principal crest of Sierra Nevada. The boundaries stretch still northwards along this chain till it meets with that which separates the waters of Columbia, and those waters which are lost in the great basin. They then double towards the east, to follow this last chain, which separates the waters of the Gulf of

Mexico from those of the Gulf of California, at the point of departure. Such are the boundaries as described on a map published by order of the Senate of the United States.

Accessions to the Mormon community are being fast made from this country; a fact we learn from a well drawn-up volume of the "National Illustrated Library," entitled, "The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints: a Contemporary History." Another authority avers that from Liverpool alone, fifteen thousand emigrants have turned their faces to the new Mormon Mecca in Deseret, with the view of making it their future home. "Under the name of Latter-Day Saints," says one Mr. Johnston's "Notes of North America," "the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been despatched into various countries to recruit their numbers among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving an historical position to this rising heresy?"

Nauvoo was a neglected ruin, when M. Cabet, the spirited speculator in "Icarie," thought the site more salubrious than Texas, and resolved to establish a French colony there. His party arrived at the spot in 1849. We see from a letter of M. Cabet's, that the system he has established is "a commonality, founded on fraternity and equality, on education and work."

The American journals also afford a favourable account of the progress of Nauvoo. It will be a matter of philosophical interest to see how a colony, founded on social impulses, will advance in comparison with another founded on religious ones.

LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.*

MR. FIELDS has collected together a new volume, the fifth, of the writings of the English Opium Eater, an author but recently known to the public only by a single book, the celebrated "Confessions." There were few readers, however, of the better magazine literature of the day, who had not in some degree experienced the subtle influences of his style and thinking. In the old London, in Blackwood, in Tait, and latterly the North British Review, were scattered with a prodigal hand some of the finest intellectual deductions of the age. Amidst the crowd of periodical contributions from various pens, the reader frequently comes upon an article, opening with a speculation which glides into a species of philosophical narration, where the human mind is the hero, and thought the incident, the style swelling on with a full current of feeling, laden with the sweetest and at times grandest musical cadences. This article—winding and penetrating in the treatment of its subject—is the work of De Quincey. No other authorship resembles it. The English language has, and has had, numerous philosophical critics of keen insight, profound thought, and rare enthusiasm, who have wedged speculation to the affairs of daily life, and called forth the half-framed ideas, the lurking sensibilities of the public; but there is no one of them who moves with the ease, full sweep, and untiring wing of De Quincey. Hazlitt fretted his argument with golden fire, Cole-

ridge dropped his plummet deep, and may so, and with higher unction, have *talked*; Lamb was epigrammatic, and gave crystals, not veins of ore; De Quincey, with unbroken fulness of style, holds due on in continuous logic and compulsive course "to the Propontick and the Hellespont."

The present volume of the collection of these papers (which originates entirely on this side of the water, English publishers, and the author himself, appearing quite too indifferent to such a reputation) is from the less known of the author's periodical contributions; but they embrace the old range of topics, and throw many new and powerful lights upon incidents and speculations treated in the *Spiritus*, and other portions of the author's writings. They include early traits of education, family history, Oxford, London, and German literature.

Give the Opium Eater a fact which has once come home to his own consciousness, and he will pierce the underlying sentiment, infusing new vitality into all its relations and accessories. It grows and expands in its spiritual development till the common-place statement becomes a universe of sensation and emotion. Every reader of the *Confessions* remembers his apostrophe to a London street—"So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children"—and the continuation of the sentiment to subsequent "innuonerable hearts." There is a similar aggrandizement of perception and feeling in this tribute to

LONDON.

"It was a most heavenly day in May of this year (1800), when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, as to me it was, the city—not the city, but the nation—of London. Often have I since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence, viz. in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, by the force of its attractive power, as measured by the never-ending succession of the droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding on this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are, except in ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage; and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes and roads comparatively quiet and shady, collateral to the main ones, where any such could be found. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road; what I mean is, the whirl and uproar, the tumult and the agitation which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last eight or ten miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object in your neighborhood, continues to increase, you know

not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western, you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage; nobody says, or pulling up, "Horses to London"—that would sound ludicrous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom*; and the stream at length becomes a rush. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio*? Not anything peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the vibration of the ground to grow upon the ear in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favor, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London, such as Islington for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis, forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriages, attendants (if you travel with any) are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity: at all events you are seen. But after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or 'squireen,' lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you left your cable,—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props), in a forest of America."

This passage shows, too, De Quincey's skilful use of fact; indeed, his facts are ideas:

"How much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character presents
To an attentive eye."

In the paper on Travelling there is a characteristic passage, illustrating the progress of an idea of which we have spoken. The consideration of the increasing means of locomotion, leads him to the development of

AN ORGANIC POLITICAL SYSTEM.

"The revolution in the system of travelling, naturally suggested by my position in Birmingham, and in the whole apparatus, means, machinery, and dependencies of that system—a revolution begun, carried through, and perfected within the period of my own personal experience—merits a word or two of illustration in the most cursory memoirs that profess any attention at all to the shifting scenery of the age and the principles of motion at work, whether manifested in great effects or in little. And these particular effects, though little, when regarded in their separate details, are not little in their final amount. On the contrary, I have always maintained that in a representative government, where the great cities of the empire

* *Life and Manners; from the Autobiography of an English Opium Eater.* By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

most naturally have the power, each in its proportion, of reacting upon the capital and the councils of the nation in so conspicuous a way, there is a result waiting on the final improvements of the arts of travelling, and of transmitting intelligence with velocity, such as cannot be properly appreciated in the absence of all historical experience. Conceive a state of communication between the centre and the extremities of a great people, kept up with a uniformity of reciprocity so exquisite as to imitate the flowing and ebbing of the sea, or the systole and diastole of the human heart; day and night, waking and sleeping, not succeeding to each other with more absolute certainty than the acts of the metropolis and the controlling notice of the provinces, whether in the way of support or of resistance. Action and reaction from every point of the compass being thus perfect and instantaneous, we should then first begin to understand, in a practical sense, what is meant by the unity of a political body, and we should approach to a more adequate appreciation of the powers which are latent in organization. For it must be considered that hitherto, under the most complex organization, and that which has best attained its purposes, the national will has never been able to express itself upon one in a thousand of the public acts, simply because the national voice was lost in the distance, and could not collect itself through the time and the space rapidly enough to connect itself immediately with the evanescent measure of the moment. But as the system of intercourse is gradually expanding, these bars of space and time are in the same degree contracting, until finally we may expect them altogether to vanish: and then the whole empire, in every part, will react upon the whole through the central forces, with the power, life, and effect of immediate conference amongst parties brought face to face. Then first will be seen a political system truly *organic*—i. e. in which each acts upon all, and all react upon each: and a new earth will arise from the indirect agency of this merely physical revolution."

"My Brother" is a kind of spiritual narrative of the fate of one of his family, who was driven from school by the cruelties of a teacher to a life at sea, and consequent series of vicissitude and disaster. One of the prefatory reflections with which this story is introduced, we commend to the consideration of those Officers of our Navy, whose thoughts are intent on the return of Corporal Punishment.

A THOUGHT FOR MAN AS MAN.

"Thanks be to God, in that point, at least, for the dignity of human nature, that, amongst the many, many cases of reform held by some of us, or destined, however, in defiance of all opinions, eventually to turn out chimerical; this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on *pari passu*. And, if a 'Te Deum,' or an 'O, Jubilate?' were to be celebrated by all nations and languages for any one advance and absolute conquest over wrong and error won by human nature in our times—yes, not excepting

"The bloody writing by all nations torn—

the abolition of the commerce in slaves—to my thinking, that festival should be for the mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal, bestial modes of punishment. Nay, I may call them worse than bestial; for a man of any goodness of nature does not willingly or needlessly resort to the spur or the lash with his horse or with his hound. But, with respect to man, if he will not be moved or won over by conciliatory means, by means that presuppose him a reasonable creature, then let him die, con-

founded in his own vileness: but let not me, let not the man (that is to say) who has him in his power, dishonor himself by inflicting punishments, violating that image of human nature which, not in any vague rhetorical sense, but upon a religious principle of duty (the human person is expressly exalted in Scripture, under the notion that it is 'the temple of the Holy Ghost'), ought to be a consecrated thing in the eyes of all good men; and of this we may be assured—this, which I am now going to say, is more sure than day or night—that, in proportion as man, as man, is honored, raised, exalted, trusted, in that proportion will he become more worthy of honor, of exaltation, of trust."

The method in which one schoolmaster defeated this ennobling view of life, is thus told:—

"Well, this schoolmaster had very different views of man and his nature. He not only thought that physical coercion was the one sole engine by which man could be managed, but—on the principle of that common maxim which declares that, when two schoolboys meet, with powers at all near to a balance, no peace can be expected between them until it is fairly put to the trial, and settled *who* is the master—on that same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionably reverence his master, until he had settled the precise proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain *that*: and, as he was not very nice about creating his opportunities, as he plunged at once 'in *medias res*,' and more especially when he saw or suspected any rebellious tendencies, he soon picked a quarrel with my unfortunate brother. Not, be it observed; that he much cared for a well-looking or respectable quarrel. No. I have been assured that, even when the most fawning obsequiousness had appealed to his clemency, in the person of some timorous new-comer, appalled by the reports he had heard—even in such cases (deeming it wise to impress, from the beginning, a salutary awe of his Jovian thunders), he made a practice of doing thus:—He would speak loud, utter some order, not very clearly, perhaps, as respected the sound, but with *perfect* perplexity as regarded the sense, to the timid, sensitive boy upon whom he intended to fix a charge of disobedience. 'Sir, if you please, what was it that you said?'—'What was it that I said?'—'What! playing upon my words? Chopping logic? Strip, sir; strip this instant.' Thenceforward this timid boy became a serviceable instrument in his equipage. Not only was he a proof, even without co-operation on the master's part, that extreme cases of submission could not insure mercy, but also he, this boy, in his own person, breathed forth, at intervals, a dim sense of awe and worship—the religion of fear—towards the grim Moloch of the scene. Hence, as by electrical conductors, was conveyed throughout every region of the establishment a tremulous sensibility that vibrated towards the centre."

The result was, the scholar fled. There is one trait of De Quincey's style which we have not yet noticed—the humor of which it is made the vehicle—for essential humor the Opium Eater possesses in no ordinary degree. It is abundantly exhibited in this narrative of the treatment which the refugee experienced from a landlord at Liverpool. The town-hall, magistracy, and all are completely idealized:

ADVENTURE AT LIVERPOOL.

"My brother went to an inn, after his long, long journey to Liverpool, foot-sore—(for he had walked through many days, and, from ignorance of the world, combined with excessive shyness—oh! how shy do people become from pride!—had not profited by those well known

incidents upon English high-roads—return post-chaises, stage-coaches, led horses, or wagons)—foot-sore and eager for sleep. Sleep, supper, breakfast in the morning—all these he had; so far his slender finances reached; and for these he paid the treacherous landlord: who then proposed to him that they should take a walk out together, by way of looking at the public buildings and the docks. It seems the man had noticed my brother's beauty, some circumstances about his dress inconsistent with his mode of travelling, and also his style of conversation. Accordingly, he wiled him along from street to street, until they reached the Town Hall. 'Here *seems* to be a fine building,' said this Jesuitical knave, as if it had been some recent discovery—a sort of Luxor or Palmyra, that he had unexpectedly lit upon amongst the undiscovered parts of Liverpool—'Here *seems* to be a fine building; shall we go in and ask leave to look at it?' My brother thinking less of the spectacle than the spectator, whom, in a wilderness of man, naturally he wished to make his friend, consented readily. In they went; and, by the merest accident, Mr. Mayor and the town-council were then sitting. The treacherous landlord communicated privately an account of his suspicions to his Worship. He himself conducted my brother, under pretence of discovering the best station for picturesque purposes, to the particular box for prisoners at the bar. This was not suspected by the poor boy, not even when Mr. Mayor began to question him. He still thought it an accident, though doubtless he blushed excessively on being questioned, and questioned so impertinently, in public. The object of the Mayor and of other Liverpool gentlemen then present [this happened in 1802] was, to ascertain my brother's real rank and family: for he persisted in representing himself as a poor wandering boy. Various means were vainly tried to elicit this information; until at length—like the wily Ulysses, who mixed with his peddler's budget of female ornaments and attire, a few arms, by way of tempting Achilles to a self-detection in the court of Lycomedes—one gentleman counselled the Mayor to send for a Greek Testament. This was done; the Testament was presented open at St. John's Gospel to my brother, and he was requested to say whether he knew in what language that book was written; or whether perhaps he could furnish them with a translation from the page before him. Human vanity in this situation was hardly proof against such an appeal. The poor boy fell into the snare: he construed a few verses; and immediately he was consigned to the care of a gentleman who won from him by kindness what he had refused to importunities or menaces."

A frequent vein of our author's anecdote and speculation, is to be seen in this passage:—

THREE VIOLATIONS OF PROPORTION.

"Three times in my life I have had my taste, that is, my sense of proportions, memorably outraged. Once was, by a painting of Cape Horn, which seemed almost treasonably below its rank and office in the world,—as the terminal abutment of our mightiest continent, and also the hinge or point, as it were, of our greatest circum-navigations,—of all, in fact, which can be called our *classical* circum-navigations. To have 'doubled Cape Horn'—at one time, what a sound it had!—Yet how ashamed we should be, if that Cape were ever to be seen from the moon! A party of Englishmen, I have heard, went up to Mount Etna, during the night, to be ready for sunrise,—a common practice with tourists, both in Switzerland, Wales, Cumberland, &c.; but as all who take the trouble to reflect, not likely to repay the trouble; and so thought, in the sequel, the Etna party. The sun, indeed, rose visibly, and not more apparelled in clouds than was desirable: yet so disp-

pointed were they with the whole effect, and so disgusted with the sun in particular, that they unanimously *kissed* him; though of course it was useless to cry 'off! off!' Here, however, the fault was in their own erroneous expectations, and not in the sun, who, doubtless, did his best. For, generally, a sunrise and a sunset ought to be seen from the valley or horizontally,—not, as the man of Kentuck expressed it, *slantindicularly*. But as to Cape Horn, that (by comparison with its position and its functions) seems really a disgrace to the planet; for, consider, it is not only the 'specular mount,' keeping watch and ward over a sort of trinity of oceans, and by all tradition, the gate of entrance to the Pacific, but also it is the temple of the god Terminus, for all the Americas. So that, in relation to such dignities, it seemed to me, in the drawing, a make-shift, put up by a carpenter, until the true Cape Horn should be ready, or perhaps a drop scene from the Opera House. This was one case of disproportion: the others were—the final and ceremonial valediction of Garrick, on retiring from his profession; and the Pall Mall inauguration of George IV. on the day of his accession to the throne. The utter *relation*, in both cases, of the audience to the scene (*audience*, I say, as say we must, for the sum of the spectators in the second instance, as well as of the auditors in the first), threw upon each a ridicule not to be effaced. It is in any case impossible for an actor to say words of farewell to those for whom he really designs his farewell. He cannot bring his true object before himself. To whom is it that he would offer his last adieu? We are told by one,—who, if he loved Garrick, certainly did not love Garrick's profession, nor would even, through him, have paid it any undue compliment, that the retirement of this great artist had 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations.' To nations then, to his own generation, it was that he owed his farewell: but of a generation, what organ is there which can see or be sued, that can thank or be thanked? Neither by fiction, nor by delegation, can you bring their bodies into court. A king's audience, on the other hand, *might* be had as an authorized representative body. But, when we consider the composition of a casual and a chance auditory, whether in a street or a theatre; secondly, the small size of a modern audience, even in Drury Lane (3000 at the most), not by one eightieth part the *complement* of the Circus Maximus; most of all, when we consider the want of symmetry, to any extended duration of time, in the *acts* of such an audience, which acts lie in the vanishing expressions of its vanishing emotions,—acts so essentially fugitive, even when organized into an art and a tactical system of *imbrices* and *bombi* (as they were at Alexandria, and afterwards at the Neapolitan theatres and those of Rome), they could not, by any art, protect themselves from dying in the very moment of their birth; laying together all these considerations, we see the incongruity of any audience, so constituted, to any purpose less evanescent than their own tenure of existence."

To which we may add, as a fourth, a seeming

BLUNDER OF DE FOE.

"From the Galapagos, Pink went often to Juan (or, as he chose to call it, after Dampier and others, *John*) Fernandez. Very lately (December, 1837) the newspapers of Europe informed us, and the story was current for full nine days, that this fair island had been swallowed up by an earthquake; or, at least, that, in some way or other, it had disappeared. Had that story proved true, one pleasant bower would have perished—raised by Pink as a memorial expression of his youthful feelings either towards De Foe, or his visionary creature Robinson Crusoe—but rather, perhaps, towards the substantial Alexander Selkirk; for it was raised on some spot known or reputed by tradition to

have been one of those most occupied as a home by Selkirk. I say 'rather towards Alexander Selkirk,' for there is a difficulty to the judgment in associating Robinson Crusoe with this lovely island of the Pacific, and a difficulty even to the fancy. *Why*, it is hard to guess, or through what perverse contradiction to the facts, De Foe chose to place the shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe upon the *eastern* side of the American continent. Now, not only was this in direct opposition to the realities of the case upon which he built, as first reported (I believe) by Woode Rogers, from the log-book of the *Duke and Duchess* (a privateer fitted out, to the best of my remembrance, by the Bristol merchants, two or three years before the Peace of Utrecht); and so far the mind of any man acquainted with these circumstances was staggered, in attempting to associate this eastern wreck with this western island; but a worse obstacle than this, because a moral one (and what, by analogy, to an error against time, which we call an anachronism, and, if against the *spirit* of time, a moral *anatopism*), is this—that, by thus perversely transferring the scene from the Pacific to the Atlantic, De Foe has transferred it from a quiet and sequestered to a populous and troubled sea—the Fleet Street or Cheapside of the navigating world, the great thoroughfare of nations—and thus has prejudiced the moral sense and the fancy against his fiction still more inevitably than his judgment, and in a way that was perfectly needless; for the change brought along with it no shadow of compensation."

COLLEGE LIFE.*

EVERY man who has rubbed his shoulder against a college-wall is aware that each such institution of learning and mischief has in use a certain number of cant phrases and queer customs peculiar to itself, some of ancient and some of modern origin.

The production of a collection of college words and customs will, without doubt, tend to the perpetuation and extension of many things more honored in the breach than in the observance. And yet a glance at the pages of the book before us will bring back many a smile and pleasing recollection to grave men who have forgotten their youthful follies, and are prepared to frown upon them when reflected in their children.

The three most mischievous imps in creation are a monkey, a midshipman, and a freshman. The latter enters college, his memory stored with wondrous tales of the bold feats of his predecessors, his ambition fired with the idea of eclipsing them, and a firm conviction that it is his bounden duty to make as great noise and annoy Professors and classmates as much as he can with any degree of safety to himself. As he advances in his college life he abandons the stereotyped tricks of the youngest class for fun more refined in its nature, and evincing more of wit in conception and execution. Perhaps the acme of cool impudence is attained about the close of the sophomore year. We have no tangible authority for so saying, but yet will guarantee that none but a sophomore was the hero of the following anecdote:

CROPPING LOGIC AND CUTTING ANSWERS.

"Dr. —, in *propria persona*, called upon a Southern student one morning in the recitation-room to define logic. The question was something in this form:

"Mr. —, What is logic?"

"Logic, sir, is the art of reasoning."

* A Collection of College Words and Customs. Cambridge: John Bartlett.

"Aye; but I wish you to give the definition in the exact words of the *learned author*."

"Oh, sir, he gives a very long, intricate, confused definition, with which I did not think proper to burden my memory."

"Are you aware who the learned author is?"

"Oh yes; your honor, sir."

"Well then, I fine you one dollar for disrespect."

Taking out a two dollar note, the student said with the utmost *sang-froid*

"If you will change this I will pay you on the spot."

"I fine you another dollar, sir," said the Professor, emphatically, "for repeated disrespect."

"Then 'tis just the change, sir," said the student, coolly."

A very cool answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of our college days.

Professor — had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut propelled by some invisible hand, hurtled across the room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that glancing off, it span almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. F.—," thundered out the Professor, "that was you, sir; I know it sir; don't deny it, sir, your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think that I blush, sir?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush!" retorted the Professor. "Your face is as red as a beet."

"Pardon me, sir," replied F., "I think its only the reflection of light; perhaps you looked at me over your nose."

Among the most amusing pages are those devoted to an account of the "Medical Faculty Society" of Harvard, which commenced its funny existence in 1818 and terminated it in 1834. Distinguished persons very frequently—much to their surprise—received advices of honorary membership. A triennial catalogue in very porcine Latin was issued in imitation of the Triennial of the college, and in it, persons who had acquired some ridiculous notoriety, frequently found themselves suddenly immortalized and placed in very queer company. Among those upon whom honorary degrees were conferred, we find Christophe of Hayti, William Cobbett, John C. Symmes, Alexander the First of Russia,—who was so completely deceived by the appearance of the sheepskin that he forwarded a valuable present to the society; Andrew Jackson, Pop Emmons, Day & Martin, Sam Patch, Chang and Eng, Martin Van Buren, the Sea Serpent, Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and the Rev. Isaac Fiddler; rather a heterogenous collection. Thus reads a portion of the record:

ANDREW JACKSON. Major General in bello ultimo Americano, et Nov. Orleans Heros satissimus; et ergo nunc Praesidis Rerumpub. Fed. numeris candidatus et "Old Hickory," M.D., et M.U.D., 1827. Med. Fac. honorarius, et 1829 Praes Rerumpub. Fed. et L.L.D., 1833.

GULIELMUS EMMONS. Praeominatus Pickleus, qui orator elequentissimus nostrae aetatis; poma, nubes, panem-zin-zigiberis suas orationes, "Egg-popque" vendit, D.M. Med. Fac. honorarius.

SAMUEL PATCH. Socius multum deploratus, qui multa experimenta de gravitate et faciles descensus. Suo corpore fecit; qui gradum, M.D. per saltum consecutus est. Med. Fac. honorarius.

"MARTIN VAN BUREN, *Armag.* Civitatis Scriba Reipub. Fod. apud Aul. Brit. Legat. Extraord. sibi constituta. Reip. Nov. Ebor. Gub. "Don Wiskerandos;" "Little Dutchman;" atque "Great Rejected." Nunc (1832) Reurnupub. Fod. Vice-Præse. et "Kitchen Cabinet" Moderator. M.D. et Med. Fac. honoraria.

"MAGNUS SERPENS MARIS. Suppositus, aut porpoises aut horse-Mackerel, grex; "very like a whale" (Shak.); M.D. et peculariar M.U.D. Med. Fac. honorarius.

"CAPT. BASIL HALL, TABITHA TROLLOPE atque ISAACUS FIDDLER REVERENDUS. Semi-pax centurio, famelica transuga, et semicocitus gramaester, qui scriptit solum ut prandere possint. Tres in uno Mard. Mornch. Prof. M.D., M.U.D. et Med. Fac. Honorarium."

Complaints to the Faculty of Harvard, from some of the parties so distinguished, at last resulted in the breaking up of the society.

The "commons" have always been a fruitful subject for complaint among students. We find recorded,

THE SAD EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH LAMB.

"The students, after eating this kind of meat for five or six consecutive weeks, would often assemble before the steward's house, and, as if their nature had been changed by their diet, would bleat and blatter until he was fain to promise them a change of food, upon which they would separate until a recurrence of the same evil compelled them to the same measure."

There was probably an *emeute*, at least, if not revolution among the students, when the following event occurred:

PROBABLE RISE IN PROVISIONS.

"Exhibition, 1791, April 20th. This morning Tropier was rusticated, and Sullivan suspended to Groton for nine months, for mingling *tartar emetic* with our commons on the morning of April 12th.

"May 21. Ely was suspended to Amherst for five months, for assisting Sullivan and Tropier in mingling *tartar emetic* with our commons."

Freshmen in the earlier, as in our days, were often even with their seniors, for their abuse and oppression. We remember a case in point. A high-spirited young man who had lately entered, in passing beneath the windows of a sophomore, received the contents of a pail of not over clean water. A tutor was in sight at the time; but, regardless of that, the freshman seized a brick which he threw with such precision that it broke the sash, and did some considerable mischief in the room. The sophomore complained of the other for breaking his windows. The latter's defence was, that he did not throw a brick at the former's windows, but at the head of a person who had thrown filthy water upon him. He was acquitted, and his adversary dismissed. In the following instance, the gentleman must have received

TOO MANY PIPES FOR A DOLLAR.

"A freshman was once furnished with a dollar, and ordered by one of the upper classes to procure for him pipes and tobacco from the farthest store on Long Wharf, a good mile distant. Being at that time compelled by college laws to obey the unreasonable demand, he proceeded according to order, and returned with ninety-nine cents worth of pipes, and one penny-worth of tobacco. It is needless to add that he was not again sent on a similar errand."

There are other things, however, in the

volume than college mischief. The author has evidently expended much labor in examining old and curious authorities, and deserves credit for the matter of his book, and the manner of arranging it.

SURROGATE'S CASES.*

No branch of jurisprudence embraces more imaginative interest in discussion and detail than the branch treated of by the elegant little volume before us. The criminal law presents its serious and comic interludes and at times its engrossing dramas; but the disputes upon the estates of the dead, the litigious "family jars" which are often engendered by death in circles where nothing but obsequious quietness and interested attentions had been previously found, the necessity of having a decedent's autobiography penned by an able advocate, and the exposures of long buried social feuds, have always afforded the most interest to the advocate and plodding lawyer. And it is within the memory of every reader that a great modern master of human nature in his "PICKWICK PAPERS" and his "COPPERFIELD" found the most of interest and humor in his legal excursions when he entered the precincts of Doctors' Commons—the Surrogate Court for all England.

Starting then with this fertility of subject, the book before us (when we come to add the hand and head of the general scholar and the profound legal student to the heart of a generous sympathizer with the oppressed and the afflicted) not only highly recommends itself to the library of the barrister, but must be equally acceptable to the general scholar. By the *literati* of our country and of our State Mr. Bradford has been long known and esteemed. As the courteous practitioner and judge there is no greater favorite at the bar. You read his taste and attainment in the many lines of thought with which his countenance is unmistakably marked. Mr. Bradford has found time in days back to be a very zealous and successful politician: and although in his present judicial retirement not even the faintest shadow of the partisan is ever discerned, he has his political private sympathies, which at some future day we hope to see laudably displayed and appropriately rewarded.

The idea which has hitherto prevailed among laymen, that a profound lawyer cannot be a literary man, is founded on a fallacy and is almost exploded. Mr. Justice Talfourd was never the less a barrister and is not now less eminent a judge for having written *Ion*, and for being distinguished in his literary taste. And to make the application, the present volume of reports is none the less valuable as a work of reference to the lawyer, because of the purity and elegance of its style, or of the rhetorical finish which on every page attests the ripe scholar.

After what has been said in introduction it will savor of the paradoxical to assert that no branch of jurisprudence, as a distinct subject, has been more neglected by the reporter than that covered by the office of the Surrogate. This of Mr. Bradford's is the beginning in our own State. How fine a field has been hitherto untilled in the estates of legal lore! How much of the eloquence of the advocate and of the learned illustration of the judge have been suffered to perish!

* Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Surrogate's Court of the County of New York. By Alexander W. Bradford, Surrogate. New York: John S. Voorhees, Law Bookseller, &c.

In an essay (which Mr. Bradford very modestly calls an introductory note) is contained much learning on the origin of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the probate of wills and the administration of the estates of deceased persons; and the results of considerable investigation are concisely stated.

Apart from the value of the work as a professional text-book, its learning, its reports of arguments, its outlines of the facts producing the discussions, and its gracefully written opinions of the author combine to make its pages interesting to the layman scholar.

We have long been of the opinion that a judge should be his own reporter. There is more discrimination of selection: there is the power of exact revision; there is scope for a laudable emulation of correctness in conclusion and in style.

Mr. Bradford is undoubtedly a great admirer of Lord Stowell (who travelled the same way of the law with our Surrogate) and there is much in his preparation of his cases, in his lucid argument, clear reasoning, and chastened style worthy of this preference.

MR. SQUIER'S ANTIQUITIES OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.*

In 1848, Mr. Squier, under the auspices of the New York Historical Society and the Smithsonian Institution, undertook an examination of the various earth works of the western part of this State, which Dewitt Clinton had been the first to call the public attention to by an essay in 1817. Other notices had subsequently appeared, and Mr. Schoolcraft had lately written of them in his Notes on the Iroquois, but none of these authorities had presented plans from actual surveys. Mr. Squier commenced an investigation with the expectation of connecting these remains with the great chain of early works of the West, but appears rapidly to have come to the conclusion that the works had their origin with the Indian tribes in possession of the country at the time of the discovery.

These results have been already communicated to the public through the Historical Society, and an elaborate report in the second volume of the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Of this report the present volume is a republication, with additional matter, and a Supplement recounting the general conditions of the Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, which will be of use to the general reader who has not access to the large and expensive work from which its materials are drawn. The maps and engravings prepared by the Smithsonian Institution are used for this volume. The arrangement of the matter is clear and methodical. Particular descriptions are given of some fifty works examined, with all accessible and pertinent local history. Special chapters follow on the different species of Indian mounds and defences, with illustrations from collateral remains in other parts of the world. The deductions from these facts are candidly given, with no effort to strain a point on behalf of the fanciful or the marvellous. Truth and common sense have taken the place of the "wide solutions" of the early writers, with whom the smallness of the evidence seemed warrant for the

* Antiquities of the State of New York; being the Results of Extensive Original Surveys and Explorations. With a Supplement on the Antiquities of the West. By E. G. Squier. From the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge. Buffalo: Derby & Co.

largeness of the theory. As the subject has really become of more consequence by the increase of facts, its pretensions have diminished, but its greatness is no less.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

*Arbitrū hic igitur sumptus de litē Jocosa,
Dicitū Jovis firmat. —Or. Met. iii. 332.*

The reviewer of my work on this subject, in No. 234 of the *Literary World*, desires explanations upon several points, which I will endeavor to give, as far as the limits of a journal will admit.

The first, second, and third causes of difficulty in ascertaining pronunciation, do not apply in their full force to a language which has an alphabet strictly its own, and in which changes in speech are indicated as they arise in a modified orthography. The word *in-eptus*, as the negative form of *aptus*, was probably *inaptus* originally, but the spelling was changed with the vowel, according to a rule of Adelung:—“ *Schreib wie du sprichst, ist das höchste und vornehmste . . . auch das einzige Grundgesetz für die Schrift in allen Sprachen.* ”

In English there are conflicting modes of orthography, including German, Dutch, Scotch, Spanish, and Welsh, with but few fragments peculiarly English, so that it would be very difficult to deduce the pronunciation from the orthography. But even here, although the orthography does not follow the pronunciation, in reading English we dare not read “church” *kirk*, nor “kirk” *church*. The Greeks wrote their various dialects, whilst the Romans wrote but one; and by the same rule, although we know that in one dialect of Latin the vowel *u* was replaced by *o*, this would not justify us in reading “TU” as TO.

In the fourth place (following the order of the reviewer), it is true that I consider the *normal German u* and *French u* to be identical, but not the *normal o* of the former and *œu* of the latter, which are generally supposed to be identical. I even distinguish the *Danish y* from *u*, and I have heard still another variety in Chinese. Still I may be guilty of a “want of discrimination” in regard to *u*, being aware of the great difficulty of appreciating nice vocal distinctions.

The “traditional infatuation that (English) *ai* and long *a* have a different sound,” can be explained. In my own speech, I place the vowel of *fan*, *tame*, *pain*, &c., in *fair* and *their*, as the reviewer seems to do. But the English (at least in part) pronounce a number of these words with the French *ɛ*, making *fer* of *fair*; and where the reviewer and myself would make *may* the first syllable of *Mary*, they make this word *Méry*, which is a lengthened form of *merry*, as *fairy* would be of *ferry*. I have heard this in New York, and in the southern states, and I am convinced that it is correct English, and my practice erroneous.

I do not consider the French *oui* and English *we* identical. The former is heard in the English *you-eat*, deprived of *y* and *t*. The vowel in *art* is shorter than in *arm*, but not as short as the Italian short quantity of the same vowel. If the quantity had been quite correct, the *d* in *kite* (*kīt*) might have answered. The word *art* was chosen as the key-word for *ā*, to keep the rare keltic vowel in *fat* out of view.

The English *u* is a puzzle to the orthoepists, because several distinct sounds are associated with this character. *Unit* is pronounced *yooniit* in normal English (where

you is not a diphthong); but the influence of Welsh, the ancient language of English, remains associated with *u*, which takes the Welsh diphthongal sound in Yorkshire, and in the Yankee dialect. To get this sound, take the diphthong of *now* and replace the *o* with the vowel in *pit*, making *nie*, which is the Yankee pronunciation of *new*, as *rule* is of *rule*. Dr. A. Comstock, who asserts that not one person in ten thousand speaks accurately, uses this sound, but has not analyzed it properly.

I do not intend to discuss the proposition, that “it is not possible to determine satisfactorily the pronunciation of all the Latin letters, so as to form a complete system which philologists will generally agree to.” Some reviewers of the “Elements” use expressions like—“it *appears* to be,” “the author *seems* to have,” &c., thus withholding their assent, without giving us the benefit of their doubt. The present reviewer has avoided this course, thus leaving room for explanations, and I therefore proceed to notice his remarks “on the Roman E.”

From the intimate relation between the Latin *e* and Greek *eta*, it was possible that those who regard the latter as *i* (in *marine*) would carry *e* along with them, so that it was necessary to bring forward (in p. 67) my argument in favor of the true power of *eta*, which should have formed part of another production.

The reviewer appreciates the argument upon *zeta*, which, of all the letters, gave me most trouble; chiefly because my prejudices were strongest here. Yet the leading principle and original feature of the book bore me through in the right direction. Now the physical argument upon *eta* (and without which Reuchlin and Erasmus were fighting in the dark) is equally strong with that upon *zeta*.

In dialectic changes the vowel *A* (in *far*) does not become *i* (in *field*) at a single bound, but passes through some variety of *e* (in *vein*). Thus between the German *schlaef* and English *sleep*, we find the Flemish *slaep*; between the Danish *mæt* and English *meat*, we have the north English and Irish *mæt*. The same law gives us the gradation of the German *klar*, French *claire*, and English *clear*, and the old Doric *ya*, whence *ye*, and the modern pronunciation *ye*. In the opposite direction of the natural vowel scale, *A* may change to *u* (*oo*), but not without passing through *o*, as in *HekAbe*, *HekObe*, *HekUba*.

Fifthly, “limited knowledge, and the imperfect generalization consequently made from one or few languages, constitute a formidable impediment and source of error.” This is true. But where are we to look for the proper amount of knowledge? I profess to know neither “Chinese, Arabic, nor Irish,” but I have heard various languages, and ascertained that the change from *caw* to *cyow* (which depends upon a *general* law) occurs in Chinese; when an Irish laborer gave me the Irish words for *wax* and *silver*, I noticed their analogy with Latin (*Cay* and *Gay* being *pure*); whilst the unwritten American languages kept me from being deceived by orthography. I was forced to go to the Delaware language for an example of the diphthong *ɔy* (as in *beau-y*), as I did not hear it in Portuguese until most of the book was printed. The knowledge requisite for such researches must be furnished by various inquirers, probably no single person being sufficiently familiar with all the points of investigation.

Mr. Donaldson is open to the charge of “imperfect generalization,” having in his “New Cratylus” vitiated his reasoning upon an important point by mistaking the English *local* law of *sh* for a general law applicable to Greek, a language which, even in its modern form, is remarkably un-English, having neither *she*, *tshe*, *zhe*, *dzhe*, nor the vowel in *on*, among its developments. The table of the affinities of the Latin consonants given in “Varroonianus,” shows that Mr. Donaldson had a very confused idea of their mutual relations, the very obvious one of *n* having the same affinity to *d* that *m* has to *b*, being overlooked.

I ought to have explained my use of the figure 5 in the transcription of Sanscrit words. It represents the aspirate written like a colon, and was chosen on account of its resemblance both to one of the German forms of *H*, and to *S*, those two letters being interchangeable in the oriental languages, as in *Jeremiah*, *Jeremias*; *Jonah*, *Jonas*. My giving (p. 57) the vowel in *fall* as a Hebrew sound (on English authority) must be erroneous.

I state (p. 5) that “my results usually agree with those of my predecessors.” Their views, however (when not contradictory), required confirmation from an independent source before classic instructors would be willing to relinquish an acknowledged error for what might be equally erroneous.

The reviewer says truly—“Sometimes we are divided between a nearly equal balance of authorities and probabilities, so that not only no certain but no probable conclusion can be arrived at. This is exemplified in the discussions about *phi*, usually pronounced as *f*, but which Donaldson and others considered to be the *p̄h* in *haphazard*, not from any ancient evidence, but because they did not suspect that there might be still another sound with which they were unacquainted. In this case, those who adopted the *haphazard* pronunciation committed a greater error than those who retained the *f* sound, knowing it to be wrong, but ignorant of the true sound.

I have stated the Greek digamma to be the German *w*, and Spanish *b* in *Habana*, a sound between English *v* and *b*, being a *v* made with the lips alone—not with the lower lip and upper teeth, which are used in forming English *v*, and *f*. Now, as *v* is to *p*, or English *v* to *f*, so is *digamma* to *phi*. *Phi*, therefore, is the true aspirate of *p*, being a kind of *f* made with the lips only. It is heard in Swedish, and sometimes in German when placed between two pure labials. I deduced this power from the descriptions of the ancients, before I observed it in nature, and my theoretical views (published in 1849) have been confirmed by a modern Greek who has not, with his countrymen, *Mynas*, *Sophocles*, and others, mistaken *f* for *phi*. Castanis (Greek Exile, 1851, p. 235) says of *beta* (which replaces the ancient digamma), that it is sounded “like the Spanish soft *v* when it occurs in that language between two vowels.” *Phi* “is sounded like an *f*, or rather as a cognate of the *beta*, made with both lips, and not with the under lip and upper teeth.”

English grammarians of Latin seem anxious to have *j* a double letter to justify their mispronunciation of it; and as if to accomplish this end, they do not tell its elements, leaving the student to apply its English power. With the question thus prejudged, an admission of the double nature of *j* would have been yielding the English *j* to

nine tenths of my readers, which could not in justice be allowed, considering that its double nature in any sense admits of doubt.

Whatever may be said in favor of *j* being double, applies to *v* (English *w*) under the same circumstances, as in *ārena*, *āvis*, *āversus*; or *armā virumque* compared with *armā Jovis*.

If the reviewer will admit that his theoretical *jj* differs no more from my *j*, than *yy* in *by-you* differs from *y* in *bayou* (*by-oo*) as pronounced in Louisiana, there is but little difference between us. *J* (English *y*) between vowels has a tendency to make the antecedent one long, because the two are almost a diphthong, and whilst Adams's Latin Grammar makes *j* give position, saying—"in such cases *j* is a vowel, and with the preceding vowel constitutes a diphthong. [Two vowels can never make a diphthong, both remaining vowels.] In the same manner arises the quantity of such words as *ījus*, *pējus*, which, according to Priscian [?], the ancients write *īius*, *pēius*."

Pronouncing *a* as English *i* in *mile*, compare *maj-or* with *meor*; *Caj|eta de|disti* with *Caēta*; *Phocāus* with *Phoēeus*; *prōnde* with *prōnde*; and *Panchāus* with its condensed form *Pančhāus*, which, though it stands thus in the books, is in reality *Panchāus*, because when a diphthong is followed by a vowel, its last element has a tendency to take its full consonant power between the two vowels. Compare *employer* with *lawyer*, or *Panchāus* with *Panchāus*.

I have remarked (Elements, p. 18) that there was possibly but little difference in the Pronunciation of certain words written with a single or double consonant character. Gruter cites an inscriptive *EVVS*, and Priscian states that the (to him) "ancients" wrote *POMPEII*, and *EVVS* (See *Schneider's Elementarlehre*, where the question is discussed at length). But we also find forms like *FLAVS* for *FLAVVS*, and *SERVVS* for *SERVVS*. It is, therefore, singular that whilst *vv* should be retained (as in *SERVVS*), *ii* should have been rejected from forms like *EVVS*, if the latter involves a double *i*. Priscian admits a double consonant *ii* in a certain sense, but that it was the sense which gives position is doubtful, because the poets seem not to recognise it—examples like the following not being rare:—

Opiibusquē ju|vabo. Fusā ja|cebant.

Hēj mīhi! Cur ungvam mūsā jocata mēā jst?

Ovid.

S. S. H.

COLUMBIA, PA., July 26, 1851.

The True Remedy for the Wrongs of Woman; with a History of an Enterprise having that for its Object. By Catharine E. Beecher. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—The remedy proposed in this volume for an evil which undoubtedly exists, in the insufficient extent of honorable employments open to women, is the establishment of female collegiate institutions in which not only a higher system of instruction is to be furnished, but provision made to educate a class of teachers for the community. Education is a department of honorable industry for which woman is peculiarly fitted. While its adoption would provide new resources for those whose avenues to support are far too limited, it would be doing something more in holding forth incentives to the highest career of human cultivation to those whose desires of advancement are now frequently sadly perverted. In Miss Beecher, this cause has a resolute and intelligent advocate. Whatever choice there may be of means to promote a higher method of education, there can be no doubt of the cause

itself. The positions taken in the following paragraph, contain the seeds of a great reform: "The training of the human mind in the years of infancy and childhood—this, it is claimed, is the appropriate and highest vocation of woman. And in all those states and cities in our country where education prospers the most, it has flourished just exactly in proportion to the extent in which men have forsaken and women have been restored to this employ. There are now more than two million children in this country without any schools! There are probably as many more in schools taught by men, who could be far more appropriately employed in shops or mills, or other masculine pursuits. Were all these children placed in schools at the ordinary rate of apportionment of pupils to teachers, it would require two hundred thousand women to meet the demand. Where are these women? They are living in indolent ease, or they are toiling in shops and mills, or in some other employments which yield a pitance scarcely sufficient to sustain life."

The Popular Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, condensed from the Larger Work. By John Kitto, D.D., assisted by Rev. James Taylor, D.D. Illustrated by numerous engravings. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—An abridgment, under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Kitto, of that author's valuable Dictionary of Biblical Literature. His enthusiasm in sacred studies was diligently directed, and in this work, the Pictorial Bible, and other publications, with the assistance of some of the ablest scholars of the day, of Europe and America, he has added greatly to the facilities in this department of inquiry. In what relates to the geography, the manners and customs, the plants and natural history, the historical and biographical summary of events, the collateral information from contemporary secular records of monuments, its theological definitions, the abridged work appears fairly to satisfy the demands of the general reader. Its style is clear and compact, the carefully digested product of able pens; its various learning and research being now still further condensed into a single volume which may rightly take its place on the family shelf as an available commentary upon and elucidation of the Holy Scriptures.

The Spectator, with Sketches of the Lives of the Authors, an Index and Explanatory Notes; 4 vols. Phil.: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.—The Spectator is quite out of date with its faded brocades and antiquated fashions, but it will long be read for the sake of Sir Roger de Coverley, and the tales of love and feeling written in it by Sir Richard Steele. Thackeray lately characterized it as a court for the trial of minor offences; for these, the follies and eccentricities of society and the lesser morals of life, its cases, so minutely reported, are still good legal precedents. The times have changed, and we have changed with them, but still the Spectator may be read with profit, and, in certain quiet moods, with interest. With the Tatler it was an original work in its day, and what was original once can never be altogether barren. The present edition, the most convenient in the American market, is compact in form and not cramped in type.

Godfrey Malvern, or, the Life of an Author, by Thomas Miller. Harper and Brothers.—In the present season of unexampled scarcity in the reading world, while Dickens is spending his time upon "Words" alone; Bulwer giving us a sorry play, eminently adapted to fraternize with his Siamese Twins, and tantalizing us from time to time with a few scraps of a novel peculiarly "his own"; while James's Story without a Name is proving to be a tale without an end; while Hawthorne is silent, and Melville's new romance, like a certain holiday, is coming, but has not come; we must perforce be grateful for even the reprint of so clever a book as "Godfrey Malvern" really is. It has many a

page that will cause a hearty laugh, but we must add that its morality is questionable at the best, and its humor, to say the least of it, as broad as it is long. The numerous wood cuts, which embellish (?) the book will be found very useful to gentlemen who shave themselves.

English Literature in the Nineteenth Century; or, the plan of the author's "Compendium of English Literature," and supplementary to it, designed for Colleges and advanced classes in Schools, as well as for private reading. By Charles D. Cleveland. Phila.: E. C. & J. Biddle.—The writer's previous compilation, bringing down a series of selections from English Literature to the Nineteenth Century, has been well received. This work continues the favorable impression. It begins with Warton and ends with Lord Brougham—a brilliant roll of poets, philosophers, historians, novelists, essayists. A brief introductory account is given of each, followed by characteristic passages from their writings within the limits of a few pages. It is a useful book for reading in schools, and a good guide to the library for the young.

Hymns for Schools, with appropriate selections from Scripture, and tunes suited to the metres of the Hymns. By Charles D. Cleveland. 2d Edition. Phila.: E. C. & J. Biddle.—A book prepared by the author of the foregoing, for the morning devotional exercises of the pupils of his school. The collection is made from a wide range; its usefulness has been tested by the sale of a first edition.

The Magazines:—Harpers—the International—Godey's—Graham's—Sartain's.—The competition between the New York reprints and the Philadelphia originals brings forth new resources from both sides, and the public is the gainer. Sartain, who has just secured a series of prize tales and essays at an expenditure of a thousand dollars, publishes, from the pen of Mrs. Kirkland, in the August number, a pleasant résumé of the material and social resources of New York, interesting for its summary of fact. So rapid, however, is the career of improvement, that one of its leading suggestions—a great carriage park—was carried out in the short interval between the writing and the printing of the article. *Graham* opens with a pointed and anecdotal article, "The Use and the Economy of Invective," by E. P. Whipple, by whom the critical department of this magazine is always well sustained. *Godey* keeps up his old standing with a good store of lady contributors, and announces an annual outlay of more than \$100,000, "paid to writers, artists, and mechanics of our country." With this expenditure, we should look for a better result in the artistic department. One really well executed engraving would be worth the sheaf of indifferent plates, which must be indifferent to be offered for sale at the low price asked. *Harpers'* and *Stringer and Townsend's* mammoth republications both exhibit enterprise, but the enterprise would be much better directed under the sound conditions of a copyright law. Each of these prints valuable papers, thrown together in an ill assorted way. *Punch*, *Fraser*, *French novels*, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, the *Household Words*, the *Historical Register*, the *Tailors' Fashion-plates*, compose this odd medley. The *International* points out the sources whence its articles are obtained, which is an advantage to the reader. A life of Bonaparte, by Abbott, in *Harpers' magazine*, and a group of illustrations of fashionable watering places, in the *International*, are what is called the "features" of the month. *Harpers' magazine* has some valuable papers from *Fraser* and the *Household Words* (why are they not credited to those periodicals?), and the *International* reprints Mr. Bristed's spicy sketches of American society also from *Fraser*.

C. M. Saxton has published *Elements of Agriculture*, from the educational French work of Bentz and De Roville, prepared for the rural

primary schools of America, by F. G. Skinner; and the *Cottage and Farm Bee Keeper*, a manual of instruction in the practical management of this department, by a country curate. Messrs. Harper have issued the ninth part of *London Labor and the London Poor*, detailing the lives of hawkers, peddlers, and chapmen, with Mr. Mayhew's accustomed minuteness and interest for the study of a great city. Mark H. Newman & Co. issue *Psalmista or Choir Melodies*, an extensive collection of new church music, together with selections from the former publications of the author, by Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. Messrs. Lane & Scott publish an edition of the Rev. R. C. Trench's *Star of the Wise Men*, a commentary on the second chapter of St. Matthew, revised by the omission of a few Church of England passages, by the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock; also, *Light in the Dark Places: or Memorials of Christian Life in the Middle Ages*, from the German of Neander, a liberal tribute to the good of other times of which the Protestant world has hitherto known too little.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION BY CHARLES LAMB.

THE following piece of translation by Charles Lamb is not contained among the "translations" in his Poetical Works, and has, it is believed, never been published. This communication is made from a copy from Lamb's autograph:

EXISTENCE SIMPLY CONSIDERED IN ITSELF NO BLESSING.

From the Latin of Palingenius.

Not wine, as wine, men chase, but as it came
From such or such a vintage; 'tis the same
With life which simply must be understood
A blank negation, if it be not good,—
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline
And loath the sour lees of corrupted wine,
'Tis so to be contemned. Merely to BE
Is nor a boon to seek, nor illus flee,
Seeing that every vilest little thing
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless TO BE
And TO BE BLEST be one, I do not see
In bare Existence, as Existence, aught
That's worthy to be loved, or to be sought.

C. LAMB.

The original passage occurs in the Sixth Book, entitled "Virgo," and I transcribe it that the reader may appreciate the delicacy of the translation, and the skill of amplification with which it passes into allowable paraphrase. The transcript is made from a copy of the work, which belonged to Southey, and abounds with his pencil-marks—a vellum-covered duodecimo, entitled "Marcelli Palingenii-Zodiacus Vitæ. Parisis, 1580."

"Non vinum, ut vinum, appetitur, sed tale bonumque,
Sic vita, ut vita, est nihil, nisi sit bona;
quod si
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum despiciatur.
Eas quidem, per se nec amandum, nec fugiendum est,
Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima regula,
vermis,
Musca, lapis, cortex: nihil est optabile,
dempta
Conditione boni, nisi sit tale esse, bonumque
Non video cur optari, cur possit amari."

Long Branch, N. J., July 22, 1851.

H. R.

THE POET'S WEALTH.

"We are not poor, old friend, though years
Of toil have brought us only bread,
And such small shelter as appears
Most like a passing pilgrim's shed;

Though the world's glory and its gold
Have passed us by as wights obscure,
Our liberty was never sold
For them or theirs—we are not poor.

"Wealth cannot buy nor custom bound
The thoughts that give us regal days,
Through many burdens and the round
Of petty wants and worldly ways.
The glimpse of truth which makes us free
To know the right from power and gain,—
However crowds or creeds may see,
We have not trimmed that lamp in vain.

"Its light hath scattered many a dream
That hid the poverty of life,—
And showed how near the clay-mark came
Its baseless lore, its bootless strife.
We had a hope of better things,
Perchance it might not long endure
The knowledge that each dark year brings,—
Yet for its sake we are not poor.

"Time has not mocked us with the smile
And hush for which his vassals wait;
But we have learned in spite of toil,
And we have climbed in spite of fate.
Woe worth the wanderings and the wars
Wherein our souls so grey have grown,
And ill befall the luckless stars
That made us strangers to our own!

"And yet we found us friends among
The earth's great thoughts and names,—and
grew

As of that race by page and song
Even lenders to the nation, too.
Their homes that rest in fortune's lights,
Their crowds of graves and burdens sure,
Are debtors to our sleepless nights,—
Cheer up, old friend, we are not poor.

"Alas the fruit is small beside
The early promise of our field!
Yet let the few full ears abide
To tell what might have been its yield
Had life some better harvest lent
Than those that make our memory old,
Of faith found false, of hope grown faint,
Of friendship turned unkind and cold.

"The waters will not render back
The bread cast on them to our age,—
Well, friend, it was but crumbs, and not
The riches of our heritage.
In thought, and song, and summer skies,
Its changeless wealth lies yet secure,
Though wastes of care and work-days rise
Twixt us and it—we are not poor.

"That goddess of the common faith
Whom all invoke and many blame,
What though for us her quiver hath
But shafts that never miss their aim,—
We mourn for ills she never brought,
We joy in goods she cannot steal,
Yet woe for some whom fortune brought
And made the bondsmen of her wheel!"—

The voice that spoke was free and clear,
The heart had little left to lose,—
And they that kept such kindly cheer
Were but a Poet and his Muse.
Perchance he sought no other mate,
Perchance his fortunes could allure
None else to share the bard's estate,—
Yet with that friend he was not poor.

FRANCES BROWN.

—(London Athenæum.)

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

In the year 1807, five years after the establishment of *The Edinburgh Review*, John Murray, subsequently the famed bookseller of Albemarle street, was beginning to make himself known as a publisher of enterprise and spirit. His was one of those businesses, formerly common in London, which had descended from father to son for more than a

century; and its present possessor brought to it the mixture of caution and daring which is essential to great success as a publisher. He had already been attracted to the new and striking revival of literature north of the Tweed, and, with characteristic boldness, had sought and obtained a share in the copyright of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. Now, it so happened that *Marmion* had been somewhat cavalierly criticised by Jeffrey in the pages of *The Edinburgh*, and, in these cases, publishers are perhaps to the full as sensitive as poets. Murray, moreover, was a Tory, and saw with dismay the talent and information of *The Edinburgh* carrying Liberal doctrines into houses whence they would have been for ever rigidly excluded, had they come in any other company than that of lively and instructive criticism on the whole field of contemporary literature. Could nothing be done to counteract it? Why not start in London another review, conducted on solid Tory principles, and with literature equal to that of *The Edinburgh*? The ministry was a Tory one, and, in presence of the formidable attacks of *The Edinburgh*, would repay support by valuable political information. Then as to literature, the wits of *The Anti-Jacobin* still survived; the chief of them, Canning, was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and its editor, Gifford, was wasting himself on the elder dramatists. Scholarship and science could be furnished in any quantity by the Universities. Sir Walter himself, the aggrieved author of *Marmion*, was a stern Tory, and would surely lend his aid. Southey had given up the republican dreams of early youth, and he, of all men, might be supposed to bear a grudge against the *Edinburgh*, which had so mauled himself and his friends. The project was a smiling one, and not to be slept upon. In the year 1807, Murray wrote a letter to Canning, breaking the matter, and requesting his patronage. The letter is supposed to have received no answer at the time, but the scheme was not overlooked by the keen statesman. Next year, Murray paid a visit to Scotland to confer with Sir Walter respecting future works, but, above all, to consult him about the new Review. The sagacious Scott jumped at the proposal; wrote to every London friend who could possibly co-operate; put the Lord Advocate and Canning in communication on the subject, and pressed the acceptance of the Editorship upon Gifford. The quick ears of Jeffrey caught a rumor of what was going forward, and he hastened to offer terms, promising that no more party politics should appear in *The Edinburgh*. But it was too late. Jeffrey's very alarm strengthened the hopes of the projectors, and, on the 1st of February, 1809, appeared the opening number of *The Quarterly Review*.

William Gifford, the first editor of *The Quarterly*, a post which he retained till within a year of his death, in 1826, was a "little dumpled up man," who, from being a provincial shoemaker, had worked and lashed his way (with the help of lucky stars) to be the critic-king of London literature. He had edited *The Anti-Jacobin*, translated *Juvenal* (a most congenial occupation), swept into the tomb the whole race of Della Cruscans, by his satire *The Baviad and Mæviad*, and was expending on new editions of the elder dramatists the mingled research and acrimony which in other times would have made him terrible among commentators on the classics. His chief contributors, at starting, were Southey, Sir Walter Scott (both of

whom had articles in the first number), Geo. Ellis, of "Specimens" notoriety, William Rose, the translator of *Ariosto*, Matthias, of *The Pursuits of Literature*, the good Reginald Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and to them were gradually added, among many others, Sir John Barrow, who had been with Lord Macartney to China, and John Wilson Croker, both of them, at some period, Secretaries to the Admiralty. There is one thing that deserves to be noted in the connexion of some of these persons with *The Quarterly*,—namely its persistency. Southey and Scott, who wrote in its first number, continued writing in it till within a year or two of their deaths,—Scott's last article appearing in 1828, and Southey's in 1838. Sir John Barrow himself assures us that he wrote 200 articles, and one of the last of them, not many years ago, on "Life Assurance," is familiar to many of our readers. Another thing worth pointing attention to, is the extreme versatility of the writers. Take, for instance, Southey and Sir John Barrow. It would be difficult to say on what subject these two worthies have *not* written in *The Quarterly*: politics, history, biography, travels, geography, and general literature, every topic came commended to their ready pens. Reginald Heber stuck pretty closely to poetry, and most of the reviews of Byron's works, for instance, are from his hand—impartial reviews—although Murray published both *The Quarterly* and *Byron*. His lordship, by the way, made great use of Gifford as a polisher of his works, and it is amusing to see the deference paid in the noble poet's correspondence to the "little dumpled up man." Few men have had a greater fear of critics and criticism than *Byron*.

The success of *The Quarterly* was, of course, considerable, but was due more to its championship of Toryism and orthodoxy than to its writing, which, however solid and respectable, fell far short of the vivacity of *The Edinburgh*, under so quick and sparkling an editor as *Jeffrey*. Of the earliest contributors to *The Edinburgh*, the essays of three have been republished in a collective form—*Jeffrey*, *Sydney Smith*, and *Mackintosh*; while, of the earliest contributors to *The Quarterly*, only one, *Southey*, has enjoyed a similar honor; and, in his case, a very sparse and careful selection was made. Yet, in those two little volumes of *Southey's Essays*, there is probably more seriousness and more thought that has produced important results, than in all the essays put together, of all the writers (with one exception) in the two great reviews. For although *Southey* had given up the republicanism of his early youth, and had become, indeed, as fervent a *Tory* as any in the three kingdoms, he had not relinquished his ardent zeal for increasing the happiness and welfare of the great mass of the community. His early aims were still what they had been, although he had changed his view of the means by which they were to be effected. Instead of complaining that England was not as ancient Greece and Rome had been, he now complained that it had ceased to be the merry England of the olden time. And he set to work to show the panegyrists of his age the substantial and blessed good that had informed the old institutions; the feudalisms, and monasticisms, and kingships; the simple and solid modes of life of England's ancestral past. As *Coleridge* was the father of *Puseyism*—the speculative resuscitation of

the past—so *Southey* was the father of the present movement, which aims at its practical resuscitation. The new and unexpected phenomenon in the Church, which is known as *Christian Socialism*, owes its existence to *Southey* more than to any other man. And, strange to say, the most practical schemes of the century for the improvement of the people, such as emigration, education, the reproductive employment of paupers, the reclamation of waste lands, were first propounded, not in the "Liberal" *Edinburgh*, but in the *Tory Quarterly*, and by *Robert Southey*. Whether we agree, or whether we differ with him, it is impossible not to admire the spirit which breathes from all his writings on the condition of the people.

Gifford died in December of 1826, and about a year before that event, the editorship of *The Quarterly* passed into the hands of Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the cleverest men in the three kingdoms, who, after a tenure of a quarter of a century, still continues to hold it. Mr. Lockhart is, of course, a Scotchman. At Glasgow College, he obtained the "Exhibition," which carries its fortunate possessor to Balliol College, Oxford, and educates him there, on condition that he shall enter the Church. This condition, Mr. Lockhart seems, however, to have somehow evaded, and, on taking his degree, he became, not an ecclesiastic, but an Edinburgh advocate, equivalent to the "barrister" of London. A man of varied accomplishments, as well as of great general (and satirical) talent, he, like *Southey*, had taken a fancy to Spanish Literature, and his earliest productions were spirited translations from ancient Spanish ballads, and an edition of Motteux's translation of *Don Quixote*, with a rather excellent life of *Cervantes* prefixed. When Mr. Lockhart became an Edinburgh advocate, *Blackwood's Magazine* was in the full swing of what was once an audacious and rollocking career, and John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart became sworn friends. Many was the literary prank they played together; Wilson contributing the *very* hot water and sugar, and Lockhart the lemon of the intellectual punch with which they intoxicated the readers of *Blackwood*. In Edinburgh society, Lockhart is still remembered as "the scorpion;" and, a person now of rather secluded life and silent disposition, he is never so happy as when he can gather some Scotch friends about him, and discuss the latest scandal of "Auld Reekie." One of his few books, in those early years, was a work that is still sometimes read—*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a series of personal sketches of Edinburgh society, especially literary society, which subjected him to something of the reproach which may, much less justly, be laid to the charge of Mr. *Herodotus Smith*. Lockhart's first introduction to Sir Walter Scott happened in the year 1818, and the author of *Waverley* took marked notice of a young man of such talent and orthodox principles, invited him to Abbotsford, and, in 1820, gave him a daughter in marriage. In 1824, Lockhart published his novel of *Reginald Dalton*, a novel of great talent. The following year, it was not difficult for the approved and clever son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott to become, on the resignation of *Gifford*, editor of *The Quarterly Review*. Since then he has produced an account of *Napoleon*, a *Life of Burns*, and the very well known *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. We have

been promised *Lives of Cervantes* and *Lord Clive*, from his pen; but (alas!) instead of him, Mr. Thomas Roscoe has done the one, and the Rev. G. R. Gleig the other!

A man of Lockhart's talent and connexion might have been expected to make much more of *The Quarterly* than he has done; but it is understood that he has all along been rather hampered by others, and that he has, in truth, been merely a prime minister to two rather arbitrary kings, John I. and John II. of Albemarle street. It is what Carlyle would call "a fact significant of much" that it would be difficult to point to a single *political* article in the Review from the pen of Lockhart; almost all of that genus have come from the indefatigable *Southey*, or the more indefatigable *Barrow*, or the most indefatigable *John Wilson Croker*. Indeed, though Mr. Lockhart often writes, and excellent articles too, on miscellaneous topics of general literature, they are seldom very striking, and almost the last which impressed one at once, as by the author of *Peter's Letters* and *Reginald Dalton*, was a racy and dashing memoir of poor *Theodore Hook*, himself a sort of English Lockhart, and therefore without the "canniness" which but seldom fails to carry our Northern friends safe to their journey's end. *Theodore* himself had been a contributor to *The Quarterly*, and flayed alive there that sentimental German dandy, *Prince Pückler Muskau*. Nor, while on the subject of satirical articles, must we forget the authoress of the *Letters from the Baltic*, *Miss Rigby*, a frequent contributor to *The Quarterly*, and who did for German "emancipated women" what *Hook* did for their "emancipated men." *Bettina von Arnim* and *Rahel Levin* are neither of them probably what *Miss Rigby* took them for—but even *Miss Fanny Lewald* must have tittered (if such a thing be possible) at *Miss Rigby's* story of the aged *Bettina* at the play, leaning her bewigged head on the handsome young officer's shoulder, and sentimentally ejaculating, "Bettina is sleepy."

But the great contributor to *The Quarterly Review* has been, and is, the Right Hon. *John Wilson Croker*, formerly secretary to the Admiralty, and friend to the late *Marquis of Hertford*. Since the Reform Bill released the right honorable gentleman from the burdensome duties of the Admiralty Secretaryship, he has enjoyed a dignified literary leisure, the fruits of which are generally to be seen every three months in the shape of one or two articles in *The Quarterly Review*. It was the right honorable gentleman who in *The Quarterly* conducted the literary campaigns of Conservatism against the Reform Bill and the Anti-Corn-Law League. It was he who scariified *Miss Martineau*, and lately "cut up" *Lord Holland's Memoirs*, and he, too, from time to time edifies the public with charming extracts from the records of the First French Revolution. Like the steam-engine and the elephant's proboscis in *Jeffrey's* famous sentence, the right honorable gentleman can, with equal ease, pick up a pin or rend an oak.

There is an evident advantage, to a keen Tory politician like the right honorable gentleman, in his extensive knowledge of the First French Revolution. History, as it is well known, is Philosophy teaching by experience, and the horrors of that terrible phenomenon become, in *Mr. Croker's* hands, an instructive warning against the perils of Liberalism. Few men have taken the pains of

the right honorable gentlemen to acquaint themselves with the French Revolution. An enormous collection of French revolutionary books, pamphlets, handbills, placards, newspapers, &c., &c., which occupies the whole side of one of the large galleries of the reading-room of the British Museum, was presented to that establishment by the right honorable gentleman, and he informs us that he has since collected another equally large. Of late, too, the Revolution of 1848 has shared his thoughts, and, indeed, almost promises, so far as he is concerned, to put the nose of its tremendous grandfather out of joint. While on this subject, we must mention, before we forget it, that M. Guizot, when in England, after the outbreak of February, contributed to *The Quarterly*, being probably impelled thereto by the want which, like Death, levels all men—the want of cash!

The death, and, long before the death, the failing abilities of Southey left a gap in the historical, ecclesiastical, and social departments of the Review; but his place was ably supplied. Lord Mahon, not long ago, collected two pleasant little volumes of historical essays which he had contributed to *The Quarterly*. Then, in social matters, Lord Ashley himself (now Lord Shaftesbury) is said to have written on Collieries, and Mines, and Factories, his labors in connexion with which are destined, some people say, to conduct him to the Premiership. Ecclesiastical and theological matters have been, till lately at least, in the hands of that striking person the Rev. William Sewell, now an Oxford tutor, the author of *Christian Morals*, once the superintendent of a semi-monastic educational establishment in Ireland, and who recently came before the public with the most sweeping plan of University Reform that has yet been propounded. Instead of bringing the multitude to the Universities, the Universities, according to Mr. Sewell, were to go to the multitude, and in all the large manufacturing and other towns, Oxford and Cambridge graduates were to lecture in public halls, no tests being required—save for the theological courses. Mr. Sewell may be easily detected in *The Quarterly*, by a certain strain and swell of style. The rather famous article in that periodical on Carlyle was from his pen.

Among persons of note who have occasionally contributed to *The Quarterly*, under the editorship of Mr. Lockhart, may be mentioned Apperley, the well known "Nimrod" of the sporting world; Mr. Hayward, the barrister, and translator of *Faust* (whose quarrel with Mr. Roebuck our legal readers will remember); Mr. H. N. Coleridge, the introducer to the Greek Classic Poets; the Bishop of London, and the two Heads, Sir Francis and Sir George. Mr. Serjeant Tal-
fouard deserted *The Edinburgh* to review Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, and it is currently reported that Lord Brougham himself was guilty of a similar abandonment to criticise the new edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*. Mr. Kinglake, the racy author of *Eothen*, handled his fellow-traveller in the East, Mr. Monckton Milnes, apropos of the Harem, and the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, to whom, as to Lord Ashley, some people prophesy the Premiership, reviewed the ever-shifting career of poor Blanco White, not, we suppose, without a certain sympathy. Among the steady contributors at present are the well known Dean Milman, Mr. Holmes of the British

Museum, who did so much for Lord Braybrooke's *Pepys*, and has managed to make even the subject of Catalogues amusing; and last, not least, Mr. Richard Ford, the author of the *Handbook of Spain*, to whom, with what truth we know not, has been attributed the series of amusing articles on agricultural matters, which have been one of the best features of the *Quarterly*, and whom Mr. Anthony Panizzi has to thank as a friend in need for a recent article on the Museum Library.—(*London Critic*.)

THE DRAMA.

ALTHOUGH we cannot accept complimentary benefits as indisputable evidence of merit, we are pleased to observe that a testimonial of this character is offered by a large body of our citizens to E. A. MARSHALL, Esq., the Manager of the Broadway Theatre in this city, and the Arch Street in Philadelphia. It appears in behalf of Mr. Marshall, that he has conducted his establishments with spirit, has inclined to the Drama of the country as far as lay in his power, and that he has been accustomed to extend a prompt and liberal hand to others on all occasions. The forthcoming benefit, appointed for the 12th inst., promises to be various and brilliant in talent. Max Maretzek furnishes Castle Garden, and many eminent artists are reported as to take a part in Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, and Ballet. From the names which sustain him, and some of which are a guarantee of the fitness of the occasion, as well as a tribute due to his own deservings, we shall be happy to find that Mr. Marshall's complimentary benefit has given him increase of honor and resources for further usefulness in the cause of the drama of the country.

VARIETIES.

A PIous AND POETIC SCOUNDREL.—Great sensation was caused at Stockholm recently, says the *Journal des Débats*, by the sudden disappearance of M. Almquist, a celebrated poet and writer, a doctor in theology and law, chaplain to a militia regiment (!), and principal editor of the *Aftonbladet*, an evening paper. A day or two after, the whole city was startled by the publication of a placard by the judicial authorities, directing all people to apprehend the said Almquist, on the ground that he had been guilty of swindling, robbery, forgery, and three attempts at poisoning. On inquiry it was ascertained that Almquist had some time before stolen bank notes and bills to the amount of 18,000 rix dollars (90,000 francs) from M. de Schewen, a money-lender, with whom he had long been on intimate terms. M. de Schewen had subsequently received two anonymous letters, insinuating that the robbery had been committed by his niece, a girl of seventeen. A few days after this M. Almquist got M. de Schewen to dismount some bills, but it turned out they were forged. On three later occasions M. de Schewen, after breakfasting with M. Almquist, was seized with vomitings, and he exhibited all the usual symptoms of having been poisoned. After all these things had been brought to light, Almquist had escaped into England. The director of police shortly after received a letter from him, stating that he had gone without a passport in order to dispose of some pressing business, but that all the rumors spread against him were false. He added that De Schewen had intended to commit suicide, because his mistress was unfaithful to him, and that the proof of this was that a packet of arsenic would be found on a particular shelf of his bookcase. The poison was found in the place indicated, but

M. de Schewen did not know that it was there. Amongst the papers of Almquist was found a plan of conduct to be followed by him after the death of M. de Schewen, which proves that he had resolved to make an attempt upon his life. It was also proved that he had purchased some poisons.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.—The return to Paris of one who has for some years been considered as amongst the most remarkable of its celebrities, has been the conspicuous event of the fashionable annals of the week. This lady, the owner of one of the finest fortunes of the whole of Europe, had abandoned us at the period of the Revolution, with the threat of never seeking us again; but resolves like these are depending on many things; and, after the lapse of three years, here we have her once more, entering her princely home in the dead season, during the absence of all whose opinions she holds of value, by stealth, as it were, and getting into her place again, anxious to forget that she had ever abandoned it. Marvellous tales are told, of course, of the eccentricities acquired by the lady during her three years' wanderings. Public rumor has not yet decided whither those wanderings have tended. Some say she has been to the East, others to the flowery savannahs of America. The one opinion is borne out by the two slaves in Hindoo attire she has brought with her; the other by the silken hammock which she has already had suspended in her drawing-room, and reclining in which she receives all her visitors and transacts all the arrears of business which have accumulated during her absence. They say she has grown no older during her travels, wherever they may have led; that her beauty remains unimpaired, her powers of mind as vigorous as ever, vigorous as when she commanded the splendid hotel in which she now resides to be transported from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Faubourg St. Honoré in order to avoid paying ground-rent to her husband, which, under the deed of settlement, she was bound to do. Much talk is expended upon the anticipated magnificence of the balls and festivals she intends to give towards autumn. Already have workmen commenced throwing out gigantic conservatories for the supper-rooms, and gardeners are engaged in training rare plants along the terraces which skirt the windows. By some it is imagined that these seeming preparations are intended but to blind the public upon the real cause of her return—the necessity of undergoing an operation at the hands of Dubois, for the extraction of the ball lodged in her neck by the murderous hand of jealousy some few years ago, and which has embittered her life ever since. They say she has returned with softened feelings, and even condescends to sue her husband for pity's sake to revoke the decree by which, in the storm of ire and pride, when he agreed to the separation which made so much noise throughout the whole of France, he decided that his children should share their father's humble fortune and never touch a farthing of their mother's regal heritage. It is not known as yet whether his pride is softened too. It is believed not, and the sons now growing up and the daughters rising into womanhood all agree in spurning the proffered wealth which their mother on her bended knees would press upon them! Is there not solace in the tale for the humble and poverty-stricken? and are there not some amongst them with whom this proud and wealthy lady would most gladly exchange her destiny!—*Paris Correspondence of the Atlas*.

USE YOUR OWN LEGS.—You who, in these days of vehement bustle, business, and competition, can still find time to travel for pleasure alone; you, who have yet to become emancipated from the thrall of railways, coaches, and saddle-horses, patronise, I exhort you, that first and oldest established of all conveyances, your own legs! Think on your tender partings nipped in the bud by the railway bell; think on

the coachman's detested voice that summoned you, famishing, from a good dinner table; think of luggage confined to extortionate porters, of horses casting shoes and catching colds, of cramped legs and numbed feet, of vain longings to get down here, and to delay for a pleasant half hour there; think of all these manifold hardships of riding at your ease, and the next time you leave home strap your luggage on your shoulders, take your stick in your hand, set forth, delivered from a perfect paraphernalia of incumbrances, to go where you will, how you will, the free citizen of the whole travelling world! Thus independent, what may you not accomplish? What pleasure is there that you cannot enjoy? Are you an artist, you can stop to sketch every point of view that strikes your eye. Are you a philanthropist, you can go into every cottage and talk to every human being you pass. Are you a botanist or geologist, you may pick up leaves and chip rocks wherever you please, the livelong day. Are you a valitudinarian, you may physic yourself by nature's own simple prescription, walking in fresh air. Are you dilatory or irresolute, you may dawdle to your heart's content; you may change all your plans a dozen times in a dozen hours; you may tell "Boots" at the inn to call you at six o'clock, may fall asleep again (ecstatic sensation!) five minutes after he has knocked at the door, and may get up two hours later, to pursue your journey with perfect impunity and satisfaction. For to you, what is a time-table but waste paper? and a "booked place" but a relic of the dark ages? You dread, perhaps, blisters on your feet; sponge your feet with cold vinegar and water, and show me blisters after that, if you can! You strap on your knapsack for the first time, and five minutes afterwards feel an aching pain in the muscles at the back of your neck; walk on, and the aching will walk off! How do we overcome our first painful cuticular reminiscences of fits? getting on horseback? By riding again. Apply the same rule to carrying the knapsack, and be assured of the same successful result. Again, and uncompromisingly I say it, therefore, walk and be merry, walk and be healthy, walk and be your own master! walk to enjoy, to observe, to improve, as no riders can! walk, and you are the best peripatetic impersonation of genuine holiday enjoyment that is to be met with on the surface of this work-a-day world!—*Rambles Beyond Railways.*

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce as nearly ready: A Manual of Roman Antiquities, with numerous illustrations, by Charles Anthon, LL.D., 12mo.; the Elements of Algebra, designed for beginners, by Elias Loomis, M.A., 12mo.; Travels and Adventures in Mexico, in the Course of Journeys of upwards of 2,500 miles Performed on Foot, giving an Account of the Manners and Customs of the People, and the Agricultural and Mineral Resources of that Country, by Wm. W. Carpenter, late of the U. S. Army, 12mo.; Drayton, a Story of American Life, 12mo.; Forest Life and Forest Trees, comprising Scenes of Winter Camp-Life among the Loggers, and Wild-Wood Adventure, with Descriptions of Lumbering Operations on the various Rivers of Maine and New Brunswick, by J. S. Springer, 12mo.; The Fate, a Tale of Stirring Times, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 8vo.; Arthur Conway, a novel by Capt. Milman, 8vo.; The Lady and the Priest, by Mrs. Maberly, 8vo.; Chambers's Life and Works of Burns, 12mo.; Lamartine's History of the Restoration of Monarchy, 3 vols., 12mo.; The English in America, by the author of "Sam Slick," 12mo.; Hildreth's History of the United States, vol. 5; The Stonemason of Saint Point, a Village Tale, by A. de Lamartine, 12mo.

Mr. J. A. MOORE, Publisher, Philadelphia, is issuing new editions of Hahn's Hebrew Bible; Montaigne's Works, as edited by Hazlitt; the third edition of Sale's Koran; Bowdler's Family Shakespeare; and other valuable works. Mr. Moore will publish shortly Chambers's Papers for the People, in 12 vols.; Weiss on the Water Cure; and Shefferdecker's Water Cure applied to Diseases of Children.

This week's number of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE contains Thackeray's fifth lecture; an interesting article from the Times, on the Sway of Russia over Europe, Travels in Central Asia, &c., &c.

After the New York trade sales of September next, will take place the large semi-annual trade sales at Boston, the commencement of which is fixed, we see, for the first Tuesday in November. We are now having regular trade sales in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, &c. Where next? San Francisco and Oregon City, probably.

Mr. A. A. MILLER, of South Carolina, and late an influential member of the press in Montreal, as editor of the Pilot and Courier, contemplates, we understand, a residence in this city with the view of establishing himself in pursuits connected with literature and art, more especially as a reviewer and musical critic. Mr. Miller bears with him the best introduction from his official brethren in Montreal and the book-sellers of that city, with whom his business has been connected, which should give him a ready hearing in New York. His address is "Journal of the Fine Arts, 257 Broadway."

Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON announces as in press, Stuart on the United States Dry Docks, and Pocock on Life-Assurance; this last a reprint of a valuable English work for some time out of print.

Messrs. THOMAS, COWPERTHWAITE & CO., Philadelphia, have sent us a handsome 12mo. catalogue of 124 pages, containing the valuable school books and instruction series published and for sale by them, with full descriptions and numerous wood cuts. To be had gratis on application.

WALTER COLTON's last—so announced by Messrs. A. S. BARNES & CO.—is, The Sea and the Sailor, or Notes on France and Italy, and other Literary Remains of this amiable author, edited by the Rev. H. T. Cheever. In press, by the same publishers, Life in the Sandwich Islands, by Rev. H. T. Cheever. They have just completed and ready for the trade a national series of School Reading Books, in 5 vols., by R. G. Parker, Esq., author of school Philosophy, History, &c., and whose book on English Composition is largely used by teachers and students in England.

Messrs. EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER will shortly publish The Catholic Offering, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Walsh, in an elegant 12mo. volume, with illuminated title, and several new fine steel plates. Their series of Canon Schmid's and other popular tales for the young, is temporarily delayed by the loss of some of the drawings for the engravings, and the absence in Europe of Mr. Chapman, the artist; but it will be carried on in a season or two. Several works, with beautiful steel illustrations from Overbeck and others are preparing by Messrs. Dunigan.

The ninth edition of Wood and Bach's Dispensatory of the United States will be published by Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO., Philadelphia, on the 16th instant.

Messrs. E. H. PEASE & CO., Albany, have in press the following, to be ready during the month of August:—Closet Hours; or, Aid to Spiritual Improvement and Practical Religion, by Rev. Ray Palmer, A.M., 1 vol. 12mo. A Sermon, preached before the Foreign Evangelical Society, New York, May 7, 1848, by Ray Palme. Second edition of Prof. John P. Norton's Scientific Agriculture; or, the Connexion between Science and the Arts of Practical Farming, 1 vol. 12mo. Eighth edition, Dr.

Sprague's Letters to Young Men, founded on the History of Joseph, 1 vol. 12mo.

MESSRS. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, have now ready their reprint of Ranking's Half-Yearly Abstract of the Progress of the Medical Sciences; A Manual for the Use of the Microscope; and Craigie's Elements of Pathological Anatomy.

MESSRS. GEORGE H. DEXBY & CO., Buffalo, have in preparation a new edition of the choice works of Hannah More, with Notes by the American Editor; and they have in press, to be published very shortly, "The Silver Cup, a Work for the Friends of Temperance."

MR. CHARLES SCRIBNER announces as in press a new book by Hk. Marvel, whose Reveries of a Bachelor will appear as an illustrated gift-book early this season. The new book is entitled "Confessions of a Dreamer," to be in one volume, with illustrations, uniform with the "Reveries," "Fresh Gleanings." Besides this, Mr. Scribner has in press many others of interest, as announced in our No. of July 5.

A History of the Early Settlement and Indian Wars of Western Virginia, embracing an Account of the Various Expeditions in the West previous to 1795, with Biographical Sketches of distinguished Persons of the Period, by W. De Hosse, has just been published by MORRIS & BROTHER, Richmond.

M. W. DODD will publish in a few days, Hints to Employers; or, an Appeal for Apprentices and Clerks, by Jos. P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, 32mo.

PHINNEY & CO., of Buffalo, have in press a new edition of Lectures to Young Men, by Jos. P. Thompson, 12mo. A lecture on the Theatre is added to this edition.

A correspondent in the Trade writes to us:—

Gentlemen:—I have thought it might be an item of interest to you, as editors, to know that a reprint of the "Bibliotheca Sacra" has been commenced in Edinburgh by Forbes & Wilson, in London by Thos. Delf.

It would seem that a large sale is expected, from the very low price (10s. per annum) at which it is published.

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The Rev. K. ARVINE died in Worcester on the 15th July, at the age of 31. Although contributing to various periodicals and papers, and for some time editor of the "Free Missionary," he was most generally known as an author by his Cyclopaedia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.

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